

THE  
ASSEMBLY  
OF  
Moderate Divines.

**P**ray pardon me, *John Bayes*, for I beg your excuse  
If I make no stranger of your beloved Muse,  
It being your Talent *Divines* to Abuse:

*Divines* that can Scuple and Cant with the Times,  
As *Settle* and *Shadwell* for Crust belch their Rhymes:  
But St. *Peter* and *Judas* we know had their Crimes.

If among Twelve Apostles, we can produce two,  
Did exceed any Cruel and Hard-hearted Jew,  
Why then shou'd we wonder, if we have a few.

There's the *Bishop* of *Bugdon*, for he *Liar* he n'er saw,  
And there's *Naked Truth*, with his scrupulous Paw,  
And theres ———— *Pray beware of the Common Law.*

*Dr Tho. Barlow*

*Dr Herb. Croft*

There's the *D<sup>ean</sup>* of St. *Paul* admired by some  
For his Works against *England*, *Geneva* and *Rome*,  
*Idolatry*, *Seperation*, *Irenicum*.

*Dr E. Stillingfleet*

And there's *Trimming Tray* too, who talks much of Love,  
As if a *Thanatick* was as meek as a Dove:  
But for him and *Rufus Cudworth*, a God let them prove.

But *Gillert* where art thou? thou man of the Lord,  
For *Mary Hill*'s lost, you may take the *Planks* word,  
Between you and I, 'twas a *Prophetick Board*.

*Burnet*

*"groaning board"*

With you *Anth—H—* ke the Pulpit disgraces  
By your Whining, your Canting, and your Outlandish Faces,  
But the *Rolls* and the *Sarvey* are Priviledg'd places.

*Horace*

St. *Lawrence* for *Wh—te* did stiffly dispute,  
Perhaps he might Cant well, had he not been Mute,  
But he Preached as *Murr-all* does play on the Lute.

There's

Gifford - 74. There's old Father Gifford of Dunstons i'th' East,  
Who among the rude Vulgar is a Prophet at least;  
But who e're Preach'd well, when the People were pleas'd.

There's a Fat Trimming Doctor of Cornhill St. Miles,  
Whom the Clergy's contemner, Parson slip Stockins stiles  
An Eloquent Preacher, none hears him, but smiles,

And there's Boanerges his Brother that thunders,  
He Cants in Old-Fish-street, and who I pray wonders,  
For he has a most excellent Voice to sell Flounders.

+ 32 Edw. Fowler There's a Moderate Doctor at Cripple-gate dwells,  
Who Sm— his Curate in Trimming excels:  
But Bunyan the Tinker has tickled his Gills.

There's P— of Whitechappel a Simoniac they say,  
A man that's cut out to be Vicar of Bray,  
If the Times do but turn: as he wishes they may.

putrich - 9 There's Charterhouse P—cke, a Captain they call him,  
For Borlesqueing the Psalms, some highly extol him,  
But O how L-Strange, and Sam's Coffee-house gall him.

Kidder, of 5. But Kidder thy Trimmings above humane Race,  
For Faction turn'd out of the Rolls with Disgrace,  
And Orthodox B—t succeeds in thy place.

There's Scotch bawling Alderson, proof against Pen,  
Has a Voice that drowns a Cathedral Amen:  
But 'tis thought he Catches more Women than Men.

will  
Durham There's D—m of Breadstreet has Trimm'd fifty years.  
So Old, so Grave, and so Foolish appears,  
At once he deserves both Laughter and Tears;

+ Rog. L'Esrange But Trimming's the subject of Brave Roger's Pen,  
Who Scourges those Monsters call'd Moderate Men,  
For Trimming the Source of Rebellion has been;

Go on Loyal Sir, and gain more Renown,  
Write all the Faction's Whiggs and Trimmers down,  
Draw out your Conquering Pen and Guard the Crown.

F I N I S.